Nixon's Peace Plan *George McT. Kahin*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — February 12, 1972, 50 cents

Why I'm For Muskie

Harold E. Hughes

What Day Care Ought To Be

Patricia Gerald Bourne

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"I say 'Watch out' for those gatekeepers in our society who now say to black people 'Fellows, capitalism is not for you. Stay out of the big game. You will only go to the cleaners.' I say 'Watch out' because those who are looking so assiduously after your interests are also busy perfecting a new reading machine that will abolish a quarter of a million key punch operator jobs only recently won by your brothers and sisters. And do not fail to note that those who now would separate you from capital also happen to be the grandchildren of ancient protectors who, fifty years ago, told Negros in the south to tend to their jobs in the cotton fields and not to worry about trying to own some of the machines that put them out of work."

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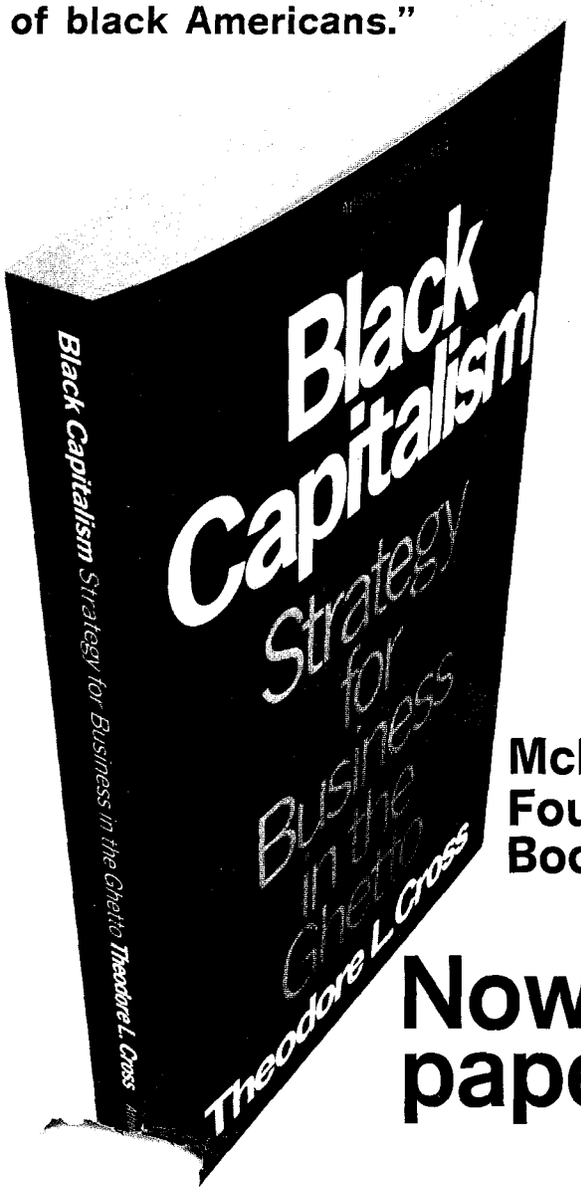
—from the author's preface

*The President's Office of Economic Opportunity reports that blacks in America own about $382 per family in all financial and capital assets as against $5,924 for the average white family.



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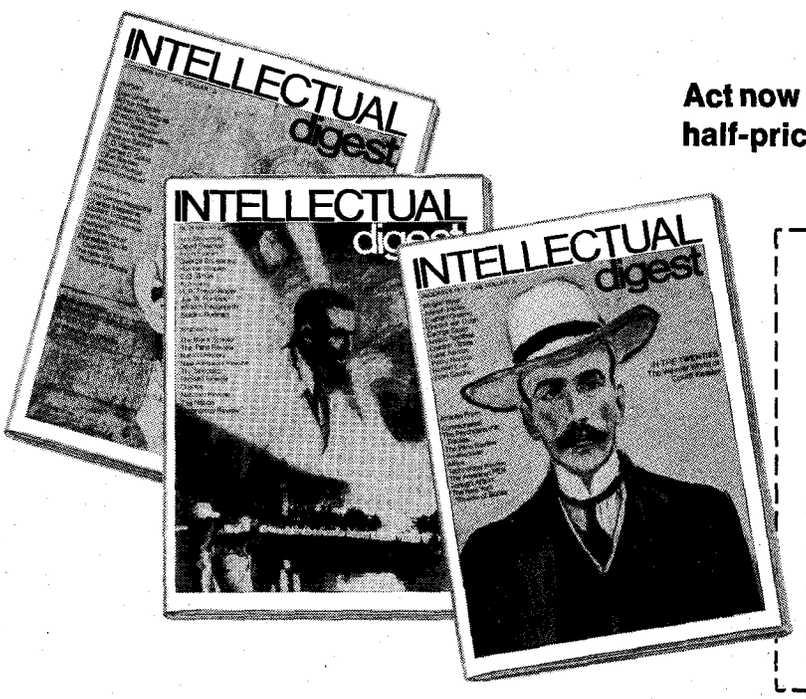

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TRB

from Washington ®

Nixon The Aloof

The first White House press conference I ever went to (the Old Timer said) was Warren G. Harding's. That was before you were born. He was the handsomest President since George Washington and some people thought he was handsomer. There he was in plus fours behind his big desk in the Oval Room with about 30 reporters asking questions, and I was a young man and my heart just went out to him. I could write home to my folks and tell them I was within touching distance of a President – a live President. They would tell that all over town. I was supposed to be a reporter but my sympathies were all against the mean correspondents, and finally he said, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, do be good to me; I want to go out and play a little golf."

That was the way it used to be. There was a relationship between the President and the press. We used to think that press conferences were an important part of the business of government.

Not any longer, though. It will be just about three months now, since Mr. Nixon held his last regular press conference, November 12. This is a kind of anniversary. In 1971 he held nine, in 1970 four, and in 1969 eight.

There used to be a friendly intimacy in these things. It was an adversary relationship, of course, but it was symbiotic, too. The President needed the press (we thought) and the press needed the President. For example, I remember one with Franklin Roosevelt. There was a great trampling of feet going in and we were all crowded in front of the big table covered with mementos and totems, with Gus Gennerich his personal bodyguard, and a couple of Secret Service men, and smiling Marvin McIntyre and a male stenographer seated by his desk, and perhaps Missy LeHand, his personal secretary, and a couple of visitors to see the show squatted on the raised pedestal of the big French windows. The reporters stood and it took some time to get all 75 or 100 in.

FDR chats with those in the first rank before his desk. You see his head thrown back in the characteristic laugh.

"All in," says Pat McKenna.

"Well, what's the news today?" asks FDR.

Voice on left: "That's what we came to find out. We'd like a nice hot news story."

"Is that you, Fred Storm?" the President asks. "Fred, you're getting too big. There are three people trying to see around you. Here, take this chair. It's yours from now on. Is that better?"

Chorus of voices: "Much better. Thank you, Mr. President. The United Press ought not to have such big men."

Voice on right: "If it is true, as stated, that the administration intends to make its public works ultimately self-liquidating, how do you account for that statement of PMG Farley, etc?"

FDR: "I can't see who asked that question but it sounds like the Buffalo *Evening Republican.* A man came in the other day and said, 'Is it honestly true that some of your plans will not liquidate themselves for 120 years?' I said, Yes, that is really true.' You see, we are making loans for planting black walnut trees which do not mature for 120 years."

And so on; if you were in the next room you would hear frequent bursts of laughter; finally when questions were exhausted it ended.

Nothing anymore like that now, of course. President Nixon is the most aloof President of modern times, maybe in history. As the secret papers printed by Jack Anderson about the Pakistan war revealed, he communicates with his top strategists through Henry Kissinger. Former Interior Secretary Walter Hickel couldn't even get in to see him.

The statistics tell the story. FDR in a little over three terms had 1000 press conferences; twice a week before the war and once a week during the war. Mr. Truman, if my figures are right, had well over 300; Ike cut it down to 200. Kennedy in his bright Thousand Days averaged about one a fortnight. Lyndon Johnson had 158 press conferences and was always seeing individuals separately.

The funny thing is that we thought it was important to have these conferences. Yet without them the country seems to be going on much as before. The decay of Congress has coincided with the decline of critical questioning by reporters. There is nothing in the Constitution about press conferences. But in the separation of powers they are a bridge between President and nation. Something has gone out of Washington without them.

I think I am reasonably objective about it. I think more doors are open in Washington and more information available in spite of carping and criticism than in any other capital in the world. But of course in other democracies, most of them with parliaments, the opposition is able to ask the executive questions face to face. Nobody does that to Mr. Nixon now, save occasionally when he picks a TV personality.

Mr. Nixon has always disliked the press, for it interferes with his privateness. There was no chance to ask him about Carswell or Haynesworth or Lt. Calley. He prefers making these sudden, astonishing TV appearances of his. He agrees with the deGaulle notion; that there should be something mysterious, aloof, awesome about the man in power, like Royalty. It would diminish the mystique if Mr. Nixon held a press conference, say, and somebody asked him face to face about Bangladesh. In Truman's day we would have just gone in and asked about it. Not anymore. We can't ask why he pardoned Jimmy Hoffa, or whether he really means to try to burden the poor with a national sales tax, or why he vetoed the mothers' day care bill. Certainly the press shouldn't be a snarling, snapping prosecutor, but in other days Presidents were supposed to be asked things like that. "I try to have a press conference when I think there is a public interest," Mr. Nixon said. That was in December 1969.

Like a man who wears a top hat, an aloof President always runs some risks from the irreverent. For example, that episode at the White House last week, where a singer pulled an antiwar banner from her plunging neckline and lectured the President and guests about Jesus and the war. What audacity! Martha Mitchell cried that she ought to be "torn limb from limb." What made the thing so awful was that right in the reception for the prim *Reader's Digest* were the Reverends Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale. They have their own sure pipelines to Heaven. When a whippersnapper from a singing troupe starts telling them about Jesus Christ and the war, you can understand why the moral foundations of the country are so shaky.

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Ribicoff Makes Waves

The only active and effective friend of welfare reform on the Senate Finance Committee, Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut, caught a lot of hell for appearing to abandon the fight at a committee session on January 28. During a diffuse and confusing monologue that invited the misinterpretations immediately put upon it by the press, he said in one of the few moments of relative coherence: "Now, hasn't the time come for all of us – we have lived with this and I am just as guilty as anybody else – don't we have an obligation to the American people and ourselves before we embark upon a national program committing billions of dollars, with a new direction, to test this program out to see if it works?" When Ribicoff paused and apologized to Chairman Russell Long for taking so much of the committee's time, Long purred: "Very interesting, worthwhile contribution, Senator. Take all the time you want, it is a worthwhile contribution." From the beginning, Long has been chief spokesman for congressmen who believe the only kind of reform needed in this area is a tightening of restrictions.

Where Ribicoff ran into trouble was in failing to make clear the distinction between the part of HR 1 he fully supports but wants to make more generous – the Family Assistance Plan (FAP) – and the part he wants to study further – the Opportunities for Families program (OFF). The former would take in most of the families now receiving welfare, and the latter would include an entirely new group: those who have jobs but earn less than a minimum federal standard. The administration version of HR 1 would set that minimum at $2400 a year for a family of four, and Ribicoff would raise it to $3000. The newspapers, over one confused weekend, reported that Ribicoff had walked away from the entire welfare package. He had not. On Sunday, January 30 he wrote the 21 co-sponsors of his amended version of HR 1, assuring them he had not given up, but had only decided to take a cautious approach to the part of the package providing a minimum income for the working poor. Of this, he wrote: "From discussions with welfare experts I am convinced that to fold millions of additional people into a new and untested welfare system would be unmanageable and might lead to the failure of the entire reform program." In private he said he was "shocked" to hear HEW figures that predicted the Ribicoff welfare plan would cover 72 million peo-

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ple by 1977. By comparison, last April there were 13 million on welfare.

"Shock" may not express the mixture of emotions Ribicoff sensed that day in committee when Senator Carl Curtis (R, Neb.), a vigorous opponent of FAP and OFF, began to snipe at his amendments, using ammunition supplied him (but not Ribicoff) by the department and the administration whose reform principle Ribicoff had defended against liberals who thought it too cautious and conservatives who thought it too radical. Beyond that, Ribicoff felt the President had not been giving the support for HR 1's welfare sections that he had promised. Nixon once called it "probably the most important piece of legislation" before Congress, but he had also referred to welfare "freeloaders" and "wards of the state" who have lost the valued American work ethic. Last week Ronald Reagan felt confident in saying of HR 1: "Well, frankly I don't think the President believes in it." Ribicoff was fed to the teeth with this and similar nonsense about "workfare not welfare," all of it designed to obscure the fact that HR 1 *does* provide a guaranteed minimum income. He thought the President ought to come clean and say so.

Feeling that he was being used, perhaps sensing a lack of enthusiasm for the reform bill around the country, and certainly sensing that the atmosphere in the Finance Committee was not congenial to responsible reform, Ribicoff decided to rock the boat. He succeeded. The President lost no time calling him and reaffirming his own support of the bill. Ribicoff said his decision was final: he intended to ask that HEW be given $500 million to set up experimental projects modeled on the welfare systems of HR 1, "to see if this kind of scheme really works." HEW has never undertaken a test project on this scale.

The White House first opposed "piloting out" the welfare sections of HR 1, but by the end of the week, Secretary of HEW Elliot Richardson, presidential aide John Ehrlichman and Pat Moynihan had come around to see Ribicoff and work out an agreement. The administration would lend its support to Ribicoff's study proposal if he would agree to support full authorization of the bill by January 1, 1974. By this understanding, the full welfare program, including aid to the working poor, would be in effect by 1974, unless both houses of Congress, in the light of results of the pilot studies, took positive action to modify or cancel it.

The Nixon strategy remains to get any bill out of Long's committee to the Senate floor; and then amend it. Long's strategy is to have a bill out of committee by mid-March, but one that is "dramatically changed" – meaning, highly restrictive. Whether or not Ribicoff's gamble last week will have any positive effect on Senate voting is an unanswerable question. But he has challenged the administration to act, and now there will be a unified attempt to restore the scheme to provide an income floor for every citizen.

Downgrading Japan

It's difficult to fathom President Nixon's choice of a businessman as ambassador to Japan at this time of severely strained relations with America's most important Asian ally. The intelligence and the integrity of Robert S. Ingersoll, chairman of the Borg-Warner Corporation, are not in dispute. Moreover, what with instant communications and clandestine Kissinger trips, the role of ambassadors is increasingly symbolic. Yet we question the wisdom of passing over so seasoned, skillful, and sensitive a diplomat as the assistant secretary of state for East Asian affairs, Marshall Green, for a man who has neither the close confidence of President Nixon nor an intimate knowledge of the Japanese scene.

Ten years ago, US-Japanese relations reached a severe crisis with anti-American riots and the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit. A wholly inept ambassador was succeeded by a renowned scholar, Edwin O. Reischauer. With great energy and skill, the Harvard don proved his diplomatic worth, even smoothing out the shock waves of US escalation in the Vietnam war. Today, the crisis is less visible but no less far-reaching.

Not only has the US government lacked an Asian specialist since the replacement of U. Alexis Johnson with Armin Meyer, a Middle East expert, but Washington has hit the Sato government with successive "Nixon shocks." Tokyo has not muted its sense of confusion and concern despite the passage of time and some dramatic Japanese-American summitry. The frankest public criticism came from Premier Sato *after* his meeting with Mr. Nixon. "What on earth," wondered Sato, was Washington's China policy all about? Three days later, Ambassador Nobuhiko Ushiba rocked the State Department with a blunt address to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco. Ushiba warned that the President's trip "might – however unintentionally and contrary to American desires – be the beginning of a process of unraveling our mutual security in the Far East." He added, "If our consultation and collaboration are intimate and substantial, and they rest on mutual confidence, then I believe we can view the future with optimism. But if they should become largely *pro forma* and cosmetic, then I would worry about what the future holds in store. . . . The possibilities for misinterpretation, misunderstanding and misreading of Japan by Americans are very great."

It is here that the President's ambassadorial choice must confound Tokyo. The post was slated for the assistant secretary, Green, whose career began there more than 30 years ago as private secretary to Ambassador Joseph Grew. A major exponent of Washington's new China policy, Green seemed eminently suited to understand and deal with the subtle and complex moves by all the states of Northeast Asia – in-

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cluding South Korea where he maneuvered brilliantly through the fall of Syngman Rhee – to work out new relationships in the wake of the partial Sino-American detente.

Clearly, as in 1961, the reestablishment of close consultations and mutual confidence requires the best possible American ambassador in Tokyo. We hope the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will exercise its proper responsibilities and fully explore the philosophy behind the administration's choice of Robert Ingersoll.

Milk Money

As "a consumer of milk and milk products," Ralph Nader has joined in filing a class action suit against Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz to knock down government price supports for milk which were raised by USDA last March. One of the several targets of Nader's suit is the increasingly powerful and monopolistic dairy industry, which has enriched President Nixon's reelection campaign by $322,500 in contributions since last March. As Muriel Allen and John Schnittker reported in *The New Republic* (July 17), Washington dairy lobbyists and members of Congress pressured the administration into reversing its decision not to increase milk price supports, despite indications that higher milk prices would create surpluses.

The milk men, led by three large cooperatives – Associated Milk Producers (AMPI), Mid-America Dairies (MID), and Dairymen, Inc. (DI) – got what they wanted. Nader alleges that these groups, controlling 50 percent of all milk marketed in the US, have continued to funnel payments from dairy farmers into industry political committees, called SPACE, ADEPT, and TAPE, which in turn contribute to the campaigns of favored politicians. (The Justice Department last week filed an antitrust suit against AMPI, alleging the coop had monopolized milk in 14 states since 1967.)

Our dictionary defines "bribe" as "money or favors bestowed on a person in a position of trust to pervert his judgment or corrupt his conduct; something that serves to induce or influence." The term doesn't come up in the suit against the Agriculture Department, though Nader says that "additional costs were unlawfully imposed on the public by a decision based not on the economics of the industry but on promises or expectations of substantial campaign contributions to President Nixon's reelection campaign." On March 12, then Secretary of Agriculture Hardin had said there would be no increase in price supports. On March 22 the milk men gave a total of $10,000 to four Republican campaign committees. The next day President Nixon, Mr. Hardin and representatives of the dairy coops met at the White House. On March 24, $25,000 more was given to Republican finance committees. On March 25, Hardin announced the price support level would go up. Contributions continued to roll in – $45,000 in April. In July, 50 dummy Republican committees received $125,000 in equal amounts of $2500 each. Further contributions were made in August, September and November. Democrats were also the beneficiaries of milk money. During the two week period when it appeared that the Department of Agriculture would not increase price supports, 29 senators and 116 representatives sponsored bills that would have legislated the increase over Hardin's declared opposition. The Nader suit alleges that 13 of the senators and 50 of the representatives had received a total of $187,000 from the milk men in 1969, 1970 and 1971. The dairymen helped write the bills, and according to Nader's suit "certain of the sponsors of the legislation" requested Secretary Hardin to reconsider his refusal to increase price supports. The one-year cost to the public of the increase Hardin finally announced will exceed $142 million. In an appendix to the suit several dozen dummy political campaign committees are listed which were recipients of the milk money. The Federal Corrupt Practices Act requires that individual contributions to a political committee not exceed $5000. That would explain the scores of $2500 to $5000 donations from SPACE, TAPE, and ADEPT – all reported by the dairy organizations to the clerk of the House – to dummy organizations with names like Citizens for Sound Politics at Home and Abroad, Organization of Moderate Americans, Committee for a Better Nation, Association for Sensible Disarmament, and Americans United for Honesty in Government. Most of these are Washington, DC, committees which don't conduct business interstate and therefore are exempt from reporting to anyone what they spend. When the new campaign spending bill passed by Congress is signed by the President, such committees will have to report their expenditures. Whatever of the dairy coop's unexpended $1,356,000 in political education money can be gotten rid of before the effective date of the new law won't be traceable. The milk price support level for 1972-73 is already under consideration at USDA, and the dairymen have money to spend to protect their interests. At the moment as much as five percent of every dollar spent on dairy products is going into political campaigns.

Concentrated Cereals

The Federal Trade Commission has accused the four largest manufacturers of ready-to-eat cereals with monopolizing the industry. Kellogg, General Mills, General Foods and Quaker Oats now control 91 percent of all cereal sales, up from 68 percent in 1940 and

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85 percent in 1960. The FTC says that this concentration – combined with heavy advertising, proliferation of products and deceptive use of trademarks – leads to monopoly profits. The big four earn a 20 percent return on equity after taxes, or double the average of all manufacturing. Commission studies predict a drop in price of from 15 to 25 percent and consumer savings of $150 to $250 million per year, if the suit is successful.

While the FTC has traditionally concerned itself with anticompetitive *conduct*, here it stresses anticompetitive *structure* – not false advertising or nutritional inadequacies but monopoly. Quoting with approval Chief Justice Warren's view that "an industry which does not have a competitive structure will not have competitive behavior," the complaint seeks to break up the largest two firms into five. Furthermore, the case is not against monopoly by a *firm* but monopoly by an *industry*.

The FTC complaint almost didn't happen. The rudderless lower FTC staff spent two years considering it. The attorney who conceived the case was taken off it. Robert Pitofsky, the head of consumer affairs at the FTC, pushed for charges against deceptive advertising and a shelf-space conspiracy, but not monopolization. Former Antitrust Division Chief Donald Turner urged the FTC to bring a shared-monopoly case. Ultimately, Commissioner Paul Rand Dixon began to favor the case. After testing the political waters on Capitol Hill, Dixon – who was the swing vote in the 3-2 commission decision – decided to vote for it. And finally, according to an FTC man close to the case, "The pressure from advocates like Nader and Sen. Fred Harris helped. The case moved along not so much out of conviction as a more receptive atmosphere."

Questions as well as expectations are raised. Why seek divestitures which will deconcentrate the industry from 91 percent to only 77 percent since the problems of shared monopolies, according to economic consensus, occur when four or fewer firms control 50 percent or more of a market? If excessive and deceptive advertising entrenches these oligopolists, why not impose an expenditure ceiling by a formula combining asset size and sales volume? Will the case be quickly settled, without accomplishing what the FTC set out to do? Procedural formalities – where defendant firms can settle before announcement of intent to file, before actual filing, or before or during litigation – raise this possibility. Finally, and this is key, if cereals, why not other concentrated industries like automobiles, glass, soaps and detergents, steel, electrical machinery? The lowered prices resulting from such deconcentration suits would save consumers an estimated $23 billion annually in monopoly overcharges and would substantially ease inflation. Dr. Pierre Rinfret, an economic adviser to President Nixon, has recognized the connection between monopoly and inflation: "You ought to enforce the antitrust laws so that the corporations would compete with each other," he recently said; "You have to break up the monopoly of labor and industry, or [impose] some form of [wage and price] control."

First Amendment Radio

Does Washington, DC need a new radio station that broadcasts antiwar moratoriums live, gives air time to almost any community group that wants it, refuses to take government grants and devotes six straight days to reading *War and Peace* over the air? The Pacifica Foundation, a nonprofit radio network, thinks so and has been trying for three years to get it. The case, which comes to a hearing at the FCC this month, poses a familiar question just as the government, corporate broadcasters and consumer groups are grappling for control of cable TV: who should have access to the airwaves?

Unused airwaves are getting scarce in the big cities, but the Pacifica Foundation found room for one more FM band in Washington in 1968. It asked the FCC to reserve it for educational radio, then applied for a license. But the Christ Church in Washington wants the station, too. Incorporated as the National Educational Foundation, Christ Church members incline to programs that stress "moral and spiritual values." NEF would start each day with "invigorating music," followed by church news, Bible readings, hymns, and a sprinkling of world events and correspondence courses.

Pacifica is the most controversial broadcaster in the country. Its four stations (Berkeley, Los Angeles, Houston and New York) broadcast a thick stream of controversial programming. Recent documentaries on New York's WBAI focused on Palestinians in Israel and convicted rapists in jail. The station broadcast the 1970 Winter Soldier Investigation, which probed war atrocities in Vietnam, live from Detroit. Pacifica carries the Agence France Presse ticker, which reports from Peking, Hanoi and other "Third World" capitals. One of its few regular daily features is a summary of the Indochina war.

While most radio stations survive on corporate ad revenue or foundation or government handouts, Pacifica is "listener sponsored." Subscribers pay $24 a year – $15 if they're students, retired or unemployed – for which they get a program guide, but otherwise nothing more than the other listeners who can flip on the radio for free. WBAI counts 25,000 regular subscribers and 100,000 more who make occasional small donations, out of a regular audience of at least 600,000.

In a fit of excess last year, WBAI wiped out a week's programming and broadcast a marathon reading of

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War and Peace, breaking only for news and Russian music. Not everyone loved it, but no other station would have tried it. Out of an annual batch of 50,000 complaints, the FCC gets "more about Pacifica than any other station in the country," says William Ray, director of the FCC broadcast bureau. Pacifica says it's because the network believes in free speech. They have given a soapbox to the Ku Klux Klan, which twice bombed the Houston station, Communists, a policeman's association and a group of ex-convicts. The last big furor was in 1969 at the height of the Bedford-Stuyvesant school crisis, when Pacifica aired an anti-Semitic poem written by a black girl, to expose hatred against Jews in the black community.

Now it's up to FCC to decide whether Pacifica or NEF should go on the air in the nation's capital. Back in 1962, the commission suspended Pacifica's license renewals while the Senate Investigating Subcommittee probed the network for Communist influence. In private, commissioners grumble about the network's radical excesses. Recently, the commission staff charged that Pacifica tried to coerce FCC into granting the license, after the station manager in Los Angeles urged listeners to write letters of support.

NEF may drop its application before the FCC hearings scheduled this month, if Pacifica agrees to pay its legal expenses. But even if Pacifica ends up as the lone applicant, there's no guarantee it will get the station.

Iowa and Arizona

Conclusions to be drawn from the first two sets of returns in 1972 in Iowa and Arizona:

• A frontrunning candidate (in this case, Sen. Muskie), who holds that position because he's sort of acceptable to most elements of the party, attracts party regulars because they see him as a winner but stirs none of them to fierce competition.

In the end, Muskie may get about half of the national convention delegates from Iowa and Arizona but it's now clear his campaign is vulnerable to organized, highly motivated efforts of other candidates, particularly in non-primary states. And that's despite his top-heavy backing from established political leaders (in Iowa, Sen. Hughes; in Arizona, Rep. Udall) and their associates within the party.

•The highly motivated, well-organized activists on the party's "left" can pick up their share of delegates, particularly under the new party rules.

McGovern's forces proved that, both in Iowa and Arizona. They'll get at least 20-to-25 percent of the delegates in both states.

• Groups traditionally left out of the nominating procedures (youth, minorities, etc.) do participate under the new rules and will have a substantial input at Miami Beach in July.

Arizona provided an interesting example. In one Phoenix legislative district (the 28th) a group of Chicano activists, working under the banner of "Nosotros" (all of us together), joined hands with Lindsay's managers to elect 14 state convention delegates and assure themselves of at least one and possibly two delegates to the national convention.

Everywhere that there were concentrations of students they appeared to participate at least in their ratio to the total vote, possibly much higher.

• In Arizona, the Lindsay forces proved a carefully targeted, well-financed campaign for a charismatic figure can produce results, especially in an otherwise humdrum race.

The Lindsay camp, in their post-election analysis, used an old Kennedy technique to prove a wide base of support. Lindsay sent an organizer to Window Rock, the governmental center of the Navajo tribe. The results weren't spectacular inasmuch as only a few hundred of Arizona's 60,000 Navajos voted, but Lindsay won. He did *nothing* on other reservations, such as the White Mountain Apache and San Carlos. But special Lindsay appeal to the Indians was claimed. Similar support in the Mexican-American community was claimed on the basis of the 14 delegates elected in the 28th legislative district although the Muskie camp elected some 50 Mexican-Americans around the state on its slates plus a large number of students, a handful of blacks and a few Indians.

• To many, the most satisfying result in Arizona was the failure of the arrogant George Meany-Al Barkan strategy of electing uncommitted delegates with the eventual goal of building a block of uncommitted labor delegates with a quarter of the total delegate strength at Miami Beach. This failed completely in Arizona and produced questionable results in Iowa, where 35.5 percent of the delegates elected at caucuses were uncommitted with 60 percent of the results tallied. However, the uncommitted bloc was built up in a number of ways. For instance, Polk County Chairman James Brick (a draft Kennedy man) of Des Moines pushed for uncommitted delegates for strategic reasons of his own and succeeded in getting 52 percent of the Polk County precinct delegates elected in that way. It doesn't mean they're labor delegates, however.

The latest results from both states:

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In Arizona, Muskie will have 189 delegates, or 37.8 percent; Lindsay, 119 delegates, 23.6 percent; McGovern, 101, 20.4 percent; uncommitted, 85, 17.0 percent; Jackson, 2, 0.4 percent; Humphrey, 2, 0.4 percent; Hartke, 1, 0.2 percent; Chisholm, 1, 0.2 percent. The 85 uncommitted include about 20 labor delegates, a number of black caucus delegates and assorted local political leaders who chose to run uncommitted. All camps hope to pick up a few.

Muskie's managers, upset because their man picked up about 45 percent of the vote but lost ground because he had too many delegate candidates running and was cut down by the cumulative voting strategies of other candidates, are hoping to push their percentage of the national convention delegates past the 40 percent mark by picking up some of the uncommitted strength.

In Iowa, based on a count of 60 percent of the caucuses, Muskie had 35.6; uncommitted, 35.5; McGovern, 23; Humphrey, 1.69; McCarthy, 1.43; Chisholm, 1.2; and Jackson, 1.06. Muskie's managers hope to push their count past the 50 percent mark at the county conventions (Feb. 26) by picking up uncommitted delegates and a healthy share of those in untabulated precincts.

Lindsay Gaffe

The Arizona mini-primary produced one amusing incident. In the final days, the Lindsay camp imported organizers, chartered buses to bring voters to the polls, even brought in attorneys to act as challengers at the polls. One, fresh off the plane, challenged the residency of Rep. Morris K. Udall (D) when he went to vote in his home legislative district in Tucson.

Whither the Farmers?

Sen. George McGovern's hopes of picking up a major share of the farm vote in Wisconsin to help him build a winning coalition in that state are beginning to fade. In recent days, seven of the eight state board members of the National Farm Organization (NFO) came out for Muskie. Meanwhile, some rank-and-file members of NFO are showing an interest in the Lindsay campaign, and the entrance of Sen. Hubert Humphrey into the campaign has activated the old allegiance many members of the National Farmers Union (NFU) and the NFO have for their neighbor from Minnesota.

An early clue to the attitude of midwestern farmers toward the candidates may come out of the Minnesota precinct caucuses on Feb. 22. If Humphrey sweeps the rural caucuses, it may be a tip-off of things to come in neighboring states.

Illinois Media Man

The camp of Dan Walker, an independent candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Illinois has been heartened by the results of a carefully controlled poll taken recently. Both Walker and Lt. Gov. Paul Simon, his primary opponent, appeared on "Kup's Show," a well-known television show, on January 8. Before their joint appearance, 98 Chicago area residents were interviewed on their preferences. The first results: Simon, 51 percent; Walker, 27; uncommitted, 22. But when the same 98 were interviewed after the show, these were the results: Walker, 48 percent; Simon, 45; uncommitted, 7.

Both were paired against Gov. Richard Ogilvie in another "before and after" check.

The results: before the show, Simon led Ogilvie 43 to 41 percent with 16 percent uncommitted. After the show: Simon, 46; Ogilvie, 40; uncommitted, 14. Before the show, Ogilvie led Walker 43 to 30 with 27 percent uncommitted. After the show: Walker, 50; Ogilvie, 39; uncommitted, 11.

Walker's problem: after that appearance, his opponents aren't apt to agree to appear with him.

To Our Subscribers

Rising editorial, production and postage costs oblige *The New Republic* to raise its subscription rate. The increase is designed, as the Price Commission noted in approving it, "to provide the opportunity to break even." As of March 1, 1972, a one-year subscription will be $15 (32 cents an issue), and for students or members of the armed forces, $10 (21 cents an issue).

The Nixon Watch

Vietnam Scorecard

After the President broke the pledge of secrecy that he and Henry Kissinger had given the Hanoi government and extracted from it, and disclosed that hidden peace negotiations had been going on since August of 1969, Kissinger said with a sardonic show of courtesy that he and Mr. Nixon would "have no objection" if the North Vietnamese published the nine-point proposal for a settlement of the Indochina war that they presented in Paris last June 26. The Hanoi delegation in Paris released the proposal on January 31, along with a remarkably mild statement of the North Vietnamese position, the text of an eight-point US proposal submitted on October 11, and the texts of five messages that had passed between the two governments. The

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US versions of these and a few other documents were then released in Washington. In conjunction with the President's speech of January 25, the text of a revised eight-point proposal that he then announced and the transcripts of three explanatory sessions that Kissinger had with Washington correspondents, this material made the record as complete as it probably will be for a long time. But, to repeat a point made in my previous report, it is important to realize that the record is far from complete. We have the barest outline of the voluminous reports that Kissinger made to the President after each of his 12 secret sessions with the Hanoi negotiators in Paris. Kissinger said in Washington that "we do not want to be forced to prove" that the Hanoi negotiators demanded not only that the US withdraw all support of the Saigon government but that it act "to change the government directly." He also said, rather ironically in the circumstances, that he and the President wish "to protect the confidentiality of these negotiations to the maximum" and to avoid "a debate with the North Vietnamese that would force any more of this record into the open."

The suggestion here is not that Nixon and Kissinger have deceived us. With one exception to be noted, the statement and texts released by Hanoi are consistent with and largely verify everything of substance that the President and Kissinger chose to say about the secret negotiations, the progress in them toward reducing seven of the nine differences defined by the Hanoi proposal of June 26 "to manageable proportions," and the nature and gravity of the two fundamental differences that remain as far from resolution as they were when Mr. Nixon initiated the secret effort in 1969. These differences are over the extent and terms of US military withdrawal from Indochina and how far the US is willing to go in opening the way to Communist control of South Vietnam. Hanoi's press spokesman in Paris said that the differences are "fundamental, like night and day," and Kissinger agreed in effect that they are. The point of stressing the incomplete record is that the true extent of past and possible "give" on each side, and therefore the chances of ending the war by negotiation, cannot be appraised with confidence so long as so much of the secret record is secret. At the moment, and in part because the President decided to make his disclosure, both sides have lost the freedom of maneuver and concession that Kissinger had in mind when he said: "The great advantage of secret negotiations is that you can leapfrog public positions without the turmoil that any change in positions brings about internationally and domestically in some of the countries concerned."

The President's one demonstrable departure from truth had to do with the cancellation of the 13th secret meeting that both sides had agreed to hold in Paris on November 20. Nixon said in his January 25 speech that "they called off that meeting" and Kissinger said, "they turned it down." They didn't; Nixon and Kissinger did. It's a small point, but it's one that Hanoi made a good deal of and that domestic carpers will hardly neglect. Also, the facts add to understanding of the negotiations and the tactical calculations that guided Nixon and Kissinger. The two negotiators who dealt with Kissinger in Paris were Le Duc Tho, a member of the Hanoi Politburo who came to Paris for six of the 12 meetings, and Minister Xuan Thuy, a diplomat who heads the North Vietnamese delegation at the public talks. Nixon and Kissinger proposed on October 11 that Kissinger meet again in Paris "with Mr. Le Duc Tho or some other appropriate official from Hanoi, together with Minister Xuan Thuy." Hanoi agreed October 25 to a 13th meeting but changed the date to November 20 because Tho was "busy with some work in Hanoi" and Thuy was "under medical treatment." The US agreed to the change of date on November 3, noting that it undertook and expected Hanoi to undertake to preserve secrecy. Hanoi sent word November 17 that Tho was "suddenly taken ill" but that Thuy remained "ready to hold a private meeting." Nixon and Kissinger replied November 19, hours before the meeting was to occur, that they regretted Tho's illness and that "under these circumstances, no point would be served by a meeting." Nixon and Kissinger added that "the US stands ready to meet with special adviser Le Duc Tho or any other representative of the North Vietnamese political leadership." Kissinger later said with brutal candor that he had discovered in five meetings with Thuy that there was no point in dealing with him alone. "It is no reflection on Minister Xuan Thuy," Kissinger said. "It is simply a fact of the power relationship in Hanoi that Le Duc Tho, being a member of the Politburo, has authority that no member of the Foreign Ministry has." This was true, no doubt. But it enabled Hanoi to say correctly on January 31 that Nixon had "distorted the fact" and thereby to minimize the impact of the further fact, asserted by Kissinger, that Hanoi had not responded since November to informal and secret US efforts to revive the 13th meeting.

The US demands initial agreement "in principle" on all of its eight points and "final agreement" upon all of them as they may be modified during a six-month period of further negotiation to follow the initial agreement. With a little-noticed sentence at the end of its nine points – "The above points form an integrated whole" – Hanoi also seems to demand a package agreement. It offers no equivalent of a simpler three-point deal that Kissinger presented last May 31 and that Hanoi immediately rejected: a guaranteed withdrawal of US military forces from South Vietnam within a specified period in return for a general cease-fire throughout Indochina and release of all military and "innocent civilian" prisoners by the time the US withdrawal is completed. Between June 26 and January 25, Nixon offered to reduce the withdrawal period from

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nine to seven and finally to six months. Always, however, he made the withdrawal conditional upon initial acceptance and final agreement, after the second phase of negotiation, upon his entire package and stipulated that the withdrawal would not be completed until all US prisoners were released and other conditions were met. Nixon offers to begin total withdrawal and the release of prisoners before an Indochina cease-fire is agreed to in detail and put into effect, but makes acceptance of the cease-fire a condition to complete withdrawal. Hanoi makes acceptance of all of its other proposals the condition for a cease-fire. Mr. Kahin argues on this page that Kissinger is mistaken when he says a cease-fire was never in serious dispute during the secret negotiations and is not a critical issue now. I accept Kissinger's word for the issues that did and didn't seem acute during the negotiations and take the wording of Hanoi's eighth point to mean what it says: "*All* [my emphasis] the parties should achieve a cease-fire after the signing of the agreements on the above-mentioned problems."

There need be no argument over the political issue dividing the US and Hanoi. The clear wording of Hanoi's third point and the many amplifications of Hanoi spokesmen verify Nixon's and Kissinger's statements that the North Vietnamese demand that the US withdraw all support from the Saigon government, bargain out a deal that will place the National Liberation Front in secure control of South Vietnam, and relieve Hanoi and the NLF of the embarrassment of having to contest a popular election in South Vietnam. This is what the President calls surrender. This is what he refuses to do. And this is what he very well may have to do if events are to prove Kissinger correct when he says: "This war has to end some time, and some time it must end through negotiations."

John Osborne

No Basis for Negotiation

Nixon's Peace Plan

by George McT. Kahin

Any careful scrutiny of President Nixon's eight-point Vietnam peace plan leaves little hope that it will provide a basis for a negotiated settlement of the war. Most of its provisions have been incorporated in earlier American proposals – proposals which were not acceptable to Hanoi and the NLF. The President has stated his willingness to set a terminal date for the withdrawal of all American forces but has made this dependent upon a formidable set of conditions that go far beyond the simple release of prisoners and the safety of withdrawing American forces. The only hope one can entertain is that President Nixon will regard his proposal as simply a point of departure from which he is prepared to move a very long way toward the NLF-Hanoi position in an effort to find common ground upon which realistic negotiations can finally begin.

But if the President should actually intend to move toward the middle ground of genuine compromise some of the most fundamental components of his eight points will have to be drastically altered. Of central importance is the question of a cease-fire which, contrary to what Mr. Kissinger stated to the press, is very much a major issue and one where the positions are far apart. There are two very different kinds of cease-fire on the table: President Nixon's all-party, all-Indochina cease-fire; and the NLF's proposal for an initial bilateral cease-fire between just the NLF and Hanoi on the one side, and the US and its Korean and other non-Vietnamese allies on the other, with the area covered limited to South Vietnam.

Thus the cease-fire that the NLF and Hanoi are prepared to enter into with us explicitly excludes General Thieu's armed forces. The reason for this is basic to their whole approach to a negotiated settlement: that as between them and Saigon any cease-fire must be preceded by a political agreement. Their experience with the US and Ngo Dinh Diem in the post-Geneva period has taught them that it is folly to trust to the mere promise of a political agreement later, in return for a prior armistice. They will not again give up their military leverage without first securing a firm agreement covering the political issues about which the war is being fought. It was with this consideration in mind that the NLF in its seven-point proposal of last July

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separated out a cease-fire with the United States from the question of its own cease-fire with Saigon's forces. For unless such a separation is made there can be no possibility for a release of prisoners and the safe evacuation of remaining American forces until *after* a political agreement with Saigon has been secured – a matter which will take considerable time to work out.

However, President Nixon's proposed cease-fire is far more complicated and difficult of resolution than the bilateral arrangements proposed by the NLF and Hanoi. With respect to South Vietnam it is evident that it would have far-reaching and decisive political consequences that, quite apart from whatever electoral process is followed, would virtually assure the continuation of Thieu's regime in power. In other words, once President Nixon's kind of cease-fire was operative there would almost automatically ensue political consequences that would be decisive in the allocation of power in South Vietnam and would virtually assure paramountcy for Thieu and his regime. It is with this in mind that one must assess the "flexibility" with which Mr. Kissinger has credited President Nixon, particularly the President's statement that "we would be willing to begin implementing certain military aspects while negotiations continue on the implementation of other issues . . . [or] to settle only the military issues and leave the political issues to the Vietnamese alone." For the antecedent military issues, if solved along the lines called for by the President, would almost certainly ensure resolution of the political issues in accordance with his objectives.

First of all, President Nixon's cease-fire seeks to freeze the military balance at a point in time when the scales are still heavily weighted with US ground and air power (plus over two divisions of US-financed South Korean troops). Thus in terms of self-determination a freezing of the pattern of territory at present under control of the contending Vietnamese parties would be artificial and conducive to equally artificial political consequences. Such a cease-fire would register the enormous impact of American fire power on major areas of South Vietnam. It would not only reflect Saigon's garrisoning of territories won for it over the past years by American combat forces; it would also keep locked into Saigon's control several million refugees that our bombing and artillery fire have driven out of substantial areas, which were previously administered by the NLF.

Moreoever, as any close reading of points 5, 6 and 7 of President Nixon's proposal makes clear, his cease-fire is intimately tied in with the requirement for a withdrawal of North Vietnamese forces. This Hanoi is not likely to accept prior to an acceptable political settlement in the South. Certainly Hanoi will not withdraw its troops unless assured that supporters of the NLF are protected against reprisal from the Saigon government. Nor will it accept an election in the South preceded by a disarmament of the NLF while the Saigon generals that support Thieu maintain their arms.

It has been widely noted that President Nixon is calling for a cease-fire at the beginning of the dry season when enemy forces are poised to undertake attacks that even our own military believe will be attended by some successes. Moreover, at the present time most NLF main force units are over the border in Cambodia either engaged in the fighting or resting up for subsequent operations there or in South Vietnam. Thus a cease-fire now would freeze the most important NLF units in position outside their own country.

In neither the President's eight points nor his January 25 speech is any mention made of the NLF's armed forces, and thus there is no reason to assume that the US and Thieu have changed their position with regard to them. This view – essentially that of the Johnson administration – insists that the NLF's armed forces must either go to North Vietnam or, if they elect to return to their homes, surrender their arms to the Saigon regime. With the NLF's armed forces so eliminated, and with Thieu's million-man army and 125,000 police keeping their own arms, it is unlikely that civilian political adherents of the NLF would risk exposing themselves by engaging in election activity or be tempted to serve on the electoral commission to which President Thieu and President Nixon have invited them.

There are other aspects of President Nixon's proposal that will undoubtedly give the NLF pause. He is silent on the question of political amnesty, a matter about which the NLF has repeatedly expressed its concern and which it has highlighted in its own proposal. (There it calls for "concrete measures with the required guarantees" to be taken "so as to prohibit all acts of terror, reprisal and discrimination against persons having collaborated with one or the other party" and the release of "all persons jailed for political reasons.") Also likely to appear ominous to the NLF is the reference that President Nixon does make to civilian prisoners. Whereas the NLF's proposal calls for the release of "the totality" of "the civilians captured in the war," his proposal provides only for the release of "*innocent* civilians." President Thieu's criteria for political "innocence" are hardly likely to provide assurance that this will include NLF supporters. If Truong Dinh Dzu, the non-Communist lawyer who with 17 percent of the votes ranked next to Thieu in the 1967 presidential election, is still doing hard labor in a concentration camp and if several thousand Buddhist leaders, students and teachers now in such camps or in jail, are considered as non-innocent by Thieu, what prospect is there that he will release the additional thousands of jailed political adherents of the NLF so that

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they can help organize and participate in the proposed election?

President Nixon's call for another presidential election in South Vietnam so soon after the American-endorsed election of last October may seem plausible to some Americans, but it will have little appeal in Vietnam, among either Communists or non-Communists. In appreciating this, one should recall not merely the farcical character of the last election in which even members of the Saigon military establishment were given no fair chance to compete against Thieu, and where the Nixon administration insisted that the United States was completely "neutral." One should also remember the earlier election of 1967, run under the aegis of Saigon's military establishment (where Thieu was then chief of state and chairman of the armed forces council) through which Thieu first became President. There, even after the main popular figures had been screened out of the running, the balloting fraud was so widespread that Saigon's Central Election Council voted 16-2 to invalidate it. It was only after intimidation by threats from the police and other agents of Thieu and Ky and after visible pressure from the American Embassy that a cowed national assembly overruled its decision and declared Thieu's election valid. In that election, too, Washington asserted that the US had been completely "neutral" and endorsed the process as having produced a legitimate, freely elected government representing the will of the South Vietnamese people.

In view of this history of American-promoted elections in Vietnam, it is perhaps understandable that the NLF might be skeptical about its chances in the exercise that President Nixon is now proposing, and why his invitation to membership in an electoral commission charged with overseeing the elections might not seem very attractive. Along with non-Communist opponents of the Thieu regime they recognize all too well that such a body, whether or not subject to international supervision, can have little effect on the course of elections run under the political and administrative aegis of a Saigon government controlled by Thieu and his lieutenants. The NLF has always argued that the central factor is who controls the administrative and political organization at the time that elections are held. It would regard a sharing of power on an electoral commission as futile unless it also shared power in the government and administration whose police and civil and military officials were in control at the time of elections.

The scenario suggested by President Nixon whereby Thieu steps out of the presidential palace a month before the elections in which he intends to run will only be viewed with derision in Vietnam. Absence from his office at that time would, of course, make no real difference. In the first place, the chairman of the senate, whom President Nixon has suggested could serve as "caretaker head of the government," is Thieu's man. But in any case the administration would be firmly in the hands of Thieu appointees from General Khiem, his Prime Minister, through the cabinet, all the way down to the 44 province chiefs and more numerous district heads, each of whom Thieu has appointed and each of whom is beholden to him for continuance in office. Unless this political machine of President Thieu yields place to a different, more representative administration one cannot expect anything like a "free and democratic" election, even if an independent electoral commission "representing all political forces in Vietnam" attempts to achieve this in conjunction with "international supervision."

The Vietnamese have already had experience with international supervision and they have not found it very effective. They recall that the three-nation International Control Commission (composed of members from India, Canada and Poland) that was set up by the 1954 Geneva Conference was quite unable to prepare the ground for the elections scheduled for two years later. It was unable either to halt political reprisals (with Diem finally obliging it to stop even its investigations of them) or to induce Saigon to enter into the negotiations with Hanoi necessary for planning the elections that the ICC was to supervise in 1956. Perhaps it would be possible to arrange for an international supervisory presence much stronger than the ICC; even so the NLF is unlikely to trust to elections prior to a change in the character of the government in Saigon under whose administration they would be held.

Whether taken as a whole or restricted to its most fundamental elements, President Nixon's eight-point proposal departs so far from what our opponents might possibly accept, as to lend credence to the allegation that he is addressing himself to an American audience rather than to those with whom he says he wants to negotiate. For he has made the setting of any terminal date for withdrawal of all American ground forces, and an end to the bombing, dependent upon the enemy's acceptance of conditions that in fact add up to virtual military capitulation and the NLF's political strangulation. He calls for the South Vietnamese people to decide their political future for themselves "free from outside interference," but his strategy is clearly calculated to register the present weightage of US ground and air power on the scales of Vietnamese self-determination. His policy advantages Thieu and his coterie and appears designed to keep them in power.

Despite the ambiguities of President Nixon's proposal the order of his priorities emerges with greater clarity. Certainly there can no longer be much doubt that in his view the release of prisoners and the safety of American troops still in Vietnam must yield precedence to preservation of the military and political position of the present Saigon regime.

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Why I'm for Muskie

by Harold E. Hughes

On Saturday morning, January 15th at 9 o'clock, Senator Muskie telephoned me at my home in McLean, Virginia. He had been out on a campaign swing and got home late the night before. I had phoned Jack English that I wanted to get in touch with the senator. He made contact, called back and said that Muskie would call me at 9 Saturday.

The conversation went like this.

I said: "Ed, I have called to tell you that I have decided to support you. I am ready to do anything I can to help. I know you are tired and busy, and I don't need to take any more of your time. Let me know what I can do."

Muskie expressed his appreciation, then asked: "Is there a chance you could be out in Iowa with me next week to announce it?" I said I thought I could and would check my schedule. End of conversation.

I tell these facts not because they are the stuff of high drama, but because this is the way it was. There were no deals, no commitments asked or given, no *quid pro quo*.

Earlier that week, Muskie had no notion I would endorse him, and neither did I. In fact, on the Tuesday preceding this phone conversation, one of my closest friends and political associates had been at my office to check whether there had been any change in my plans to remain uncommitted until near convention time. I told him there hadn't.

Muskie, whom I saw frequently on the Senate floor, had not requested my endorsement. I had not made any overtures to offer it. In July, when I announced my decision to remain out of the presidential sweepstakes, it was widely reported in the press that I would support McGovern. Although I have high regard and respect for George, this report was erroneous. I expected to remain uncommitted until later in the year.

Why, then, more or less out of the blue, did I break from the ranks of the uncommitted and go with Muskie? Whether the story will please the Muskie campaign staff or reassure my liberal friends who are supporting other candidates, I don't know.

Obviously the Nixon administration in February 1972 is an awesome concentration of political, propaganda and financial power. Compared to the fragmented and diffuse Democratic counter-offensive, the Republican concentration of power is like a mighty glacier over the land, extending from Washington to the individual precincts.

HAROLD E. HUGHES *is Democratic senator from Iowa.*

I credit Mr. Nixon with being a good man with good intentions for his country. I also see him as the ultimate practitioner of political expedience (I am sure he sees no inconsistency). I also deeply believe that his intentions, however good, have tragic implications for the country.

I believe that the war, excessive military spending and our suicidal commitment to the arms race overkill are the overriding issues before the country. Withdrawal of ground forces and the changing nature of our military effort from a ground war to an air war may have served to defuse the issue politically for a while. But few can now doubt that this administration is prepared to prolong our military involvement in Southeast Asia indefinitely.

Jobs are our number-one domestic priority – the people's priority, not Nixon's. But if the only kinds of jobs our government is willing to support are war-industry jobs, there is little hope for either peace or a long-range solution to our economic malaise. Nor does an $82-billion military budget leave any rational hope for serious attention to our long-neglected social needs.

In the meantime, I am concerned about this administration's relative indifference to civil rights, equal opportunity, consumerism, poverty, urban decay, rural poverty and the plight of the independent farmer, public health and the protection of our environment. I am equally concerned about the frightening trend toward centralization of power in the executive branch, executive influence over the judicial branch, governmental manipulation of the communications media and suppression of individual liberties.

Despite some laudable initiatives on the international front and even a few on the domestic front, the fact remains that Nixon has not delivered one of his campaign and inaugural pledges – to win peace, straighten out the economy and bring us together.

I deeply believe, therefore, that the hope of this country rests with the Democratic Party in 1972.

It is obvious that if the Democrats are to succeed against Nixon, they must be united. Therefore the ability to unite the divergent elements of the party becomes one of the primary requisites of our candidate. In my book, the only kind of political unity that counts is common commitment to the great moral issues. A unity of vested interests, blind to the public good, is repugnant. Moreover, from a practical standpoint, the Democrats could not win with such a coalition, anyway. This is Nixon's ground – and on it, he is unbeatable. Then how does the Democratic primary campaign stand in February, less than six

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months before the convention?

We have a number of able candidates in the field, among whom there is quite obviously no shoo-in at this point. For a year now, I have been convinced that Ted Kennedy meant what he said about not being a candidate in '72, and now almost everyone accepts this view. Muskie has stayed out in front, picking up a broad base of support, not alienating any major sectors of the electorate, but not quite assembling a bandwagon. George McGovern has fought a gallant and skillful campaign, but his national support has barely inched upward. Scoop Jackson is an able leader, but, I am convinced, out of phase with the people on the war. Lindsay's colorful bid is, as I see it, too late, and lacking in a solid national base. Wilbur Mills, who has formidable support, has said that he isn't seeking the nomination. Bayh and Harris, two respected contenders, withdrew, one for personal reasons, the other a casualty of the high price of getting elected. George Wallace, who is as right on some issues as he is wrong on the overriding ones, is widely understood to be in the race as a power broker, not as a serious candidate for the Democratic nomination.

Gene McCarthy whom I nominated in 1968 and for whom I have high regard is seen by many to have drawn deeper into his enigma and pulled it in after him; exactly what his plans are remains to be seen. Shirley Chisholm is the most refreshingly forthright and spunky person to come on the political scene in a long time, but low in the percentages. That's true, also, of Patsy Mink, one of our ablest members of Congress. Vance Hartke has come on the scene very late in the game. The Yorty bid, so far as I know, has not got beyond the snows of New Hampshire.

Hubert is now into the contest full-force, campaigning with his own unique skill and enthusiasm and calling up long-escrowed support and campaign contributions from around the country.

On the Wednesday before my commitment to Ed Muskie, I was in Florida. My impression of the Florida primary campaign, combined with other information I was receiving from other parts of the country, convinced me of two points:

One, that the possibility of our going into November a divided party was a genuine danger and something to be avoided, if humanly possible.

Second, that the race for the nomination had narrowed to Muskie and Humphrey.

The lesson of the 1968 convention remains clear in our minds. No Democrat wants a replay of that nightmare. We cannot win in 1972 with a rehash of 1968.

My decision to support Ed Muskie does not imply derogation of other candidates, but it should also be understood that it is not a marginal choice. Over a period of the past few months, I have become convinced that he has proved his right to be our party's standard-bearer.

His campaign has not always turned me on; I have not always agreed with his positions on the issues. But I am convinced now of what I had to be convinced – his deeply human qualities, his staying power, his tough commitment – for the right reasons – to the issues of peace and domestic reform that mean the most to me.

I believe that as a candidate he can unify our party, sustain a decent, hard-hitting campaign, and win. I believe that as President he will stop the war, get our economy moving – in both urban and rural America – and bring the American people together.

From the summer of 1968 till now, I have devoted a great deal of my energy to the cause of political party reform – the elimination of bossism and discrimination in delegate selection and all other phases of the electoral system. Accordingly, one of the first qualifications of any candidate, so far as I am concerned, is a full commitment to the reform of our party and the opening of its processes to all citizens – including the minorities, the disadvantaged and the young. Muskie has demonstrated this commitment.

In making up my mind to support the man from Maine, I frankly found strength in some of the faults for which he has been most frequently criticized. It is said that Ed Muskie is an independent individual – his own man. I like this. It is said that he is slow and deliberate in making decisions. He makes the right ones. It is said that in the campaign thus far he hasn't burned up the track. Also he hasn't burned out. But he has kept on course and is gaining strength and momentum.

He is one of the few people in high public office capable of admitting that he has made a mistake. I like this too.

At a time when the credibility of our government has sunk to an all-time low, we can use Ed Muskie's forthrightness in the White House. We need a leader whom the people of our country can trust, and Muskie is such a man.

Too little attention, in my opinion, has been given to Muskie's outstanding record as governor of Maine. After all, the presidency is an administrative office. To me it is more significant that Muskie has a background of administrative skill and problem-solving than that he has been to Tel Aviv and Moscow and is backed by big, nationally-known figures. Decision-making, in both foreign and domestic affairs, involves essentially political value judgments rather than technical know-how. The career people in the bureaucracy can furnish the latter; the command decision is something else.

As a legislator, it has been said that Muskie is more a conciliator and compromiser than a charge-of-the-light-brigade type, although no one has accused him of not being able to hang tough on occasion. It occurs to me that it would be of advantage to have a President who not only understands the legislative process,

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Crawford Woods on television

On First Viewing BBC

The newcomer falls on BBC television with the greed of a rapist. Where else can he enjoy an uninterrupted film, watch a steeplechase, listen to Handel and rock, learn how to make wine or bricks, and taper off with an episode in a 20-part adaptation of *War and Peace* – all without changing the channel?

Not everybody in America would want such fare. Not everybody in England does, either. There are those who see it as an enervating monolith, an Oxbridge clique intent on dishing out color-compatible Jane Austen to middlebrow audiences hungry for Marcus Welby (they have him, too). Eventually one's own enthusiasm is tempered: the studio techniques are often awkward, the newscasts are provincial (English trivia leads, hard international news is buried), and the operating hours are short. This may soon change; the Minister of Posts and Telecommunications announced January 19 that he would remove all restrictions on broadcast times, thus saddling the BBC with additional hours to fill and no bigger budget to pay for them, unless license fees are raised.

Still. All said, BBC-TV *is* good. Behind it is a programming philosophy that sees television as the key to a wider effort at communication – including a radio service so imaginative that there is serious radio criticism in the daily papers; book publications; and a superior weekly magazine of criticism and reportage, *The Listener*, that would be worth having even if you didn't have a television.

Most people in the United Kingdom do. Ninety-five percent have monochrome sets, 8½ percent have color. These are more often rented than bought; new set purchase prices are higher than in the United States. And they are watched less often – about 18 hours per week per person, as against 42 hours here.

There is some exchange of material if not of philosophies between the countries. American commercial television exports a few of its less shameful products, and public television gets marrow in turn from some of the 600-odd original shows the BBC produces each year. Inevitably, a pair of items we can expect in this year's cultural exchange (last year we got "Civilisation" and the British got "Star Trek") are two new series that opened in January, "The Shadow of the Tower" and "The British Empire."

Shadow is a splendid, stuffy paradigm of English television drama: Shakespeare-flavored soap opera set in the reign of Henry VII, with high camp scripts, crisp acting, lavish sets and gleaming armor, history without tears; and, despite these jibes, rather better fare than "The Smith Family."

"The British Empire" is quite another story. It arrived in the train of a big-money ballyhoo – £600,000 for 13 episodes! Be sure to get the weekly magazine of the show, and the handsome binders to put it in! ". . . including a FREE chronological chart plus details of a £3000 Empire Holiday competition . . . and a FREE historical print!" One expects Lord Nelson sweatshirts and Clive of India ballpoint pens. See the book, read the movie.

I'm afraid the finger of scorn may point back toward New York. Time-Life put up a lot of the money, and had prior approval of scripts; Time-Life also has first option to sell all BBC stuff in the states. And both the TV shows and the magazine spinoffs are billed as BBC-Time-Life co-productions. What this American money has done to British history is anybody's guess, but even if the BBC's purity is intact, its taste is in question, at least on the basis of the first two episodes, which would satisfy the bloodlust of any reasonably rabid Anglophobe.

The series opener wisely dropped chronology to focus on the apotheosis of empire: Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Alternating original footage with recreations of the triumphal day, it managed to compress an avalanche of statistics, pomp, and private glimpses that might have been more interesting had they been less obviously ironic. But, as the *Times* critic bitterly noted, you could expect "those young men at the BBC" to turn up a Jubilee chamber pot.

Well, the second show wasn't much but there are eleven episodes to come, and we could yet have a winner. In the meantime, the BBC has presented already what may well prove the most important program of the year, its inquiry into Northern Ireland.

After days of rumored cancellation, parliamentary backbiting, and embattled editorial stances in the press, this long, live performance actually came off on the evening of January 5. To the outsider the cause of the furore was at first obscure; it seemed a dutifully informative show, which arrived at no more powerful a conclusion than that the warring factions would do better to talk out than shoot out their differences. But it proved to be significant anyway because, like last year's CBS study of the Pentagon propagandizing, it provoked an outcry over whether television news shall be free to search out situations governments might rather see buried.

Like "The Selling of the Pentagon," "The Question of Ulster" was a legitimate effort to assess the dimensions of a social sore. Like the American documentary, it was assaulted by politicians with vested interests in its failure, named by the press everything from a crucible of free speech to an arrogant flaunting of corporation power, and widely neglected by the people it went out on a limb to serve. A poll taken by the *Daily Mirror* on January 6 revealed that more than 80 percent of viewers switched over or off when "The Question of Ulster" filled their screens.

Those who stayed saw a painstaking, mannerly debate, chaired by Lord Devlin, who heard testimony from eight Irish politicians, and analysis from experts in economics and constitutional law. There was no official representation from either the Westminster or Stormont governments, who stayed away and then chided the program for lacking balance.

Unfortunately it did not wholly lack guile. Again like "Pentagon," which cheated in its editing, "Ulster" was to a small degree compromised by questionable journalistic methods: the use of inflammatory film of Belfast street fighting under the voices of some speakers; and the use, without an adequate disclaimer, of recorded statements made in quite another context by the British home secretary and the Northern Irish prime minister, both of whom had refused to appear on the program.

But this is a relatively small quibble with a slab of TV time largely honest in design, and capable of leaving vivid moments in the memory: Ian Paisley, quirky and uneasy, backed into the weary slogan "Home rule is Rome rule." And Bernadette Devlin: "The only possible use of my coming to talks would be to see what you're up to, so I could better destroy it." Heartfelt firebrand stuff. Such fervor may have been what

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Home Secretary Maulding feared when he asserted that the program "can do no good, and could do serious harm." (He said this of course some weeks before Bernadette did him some harm on the floor of the House of Commons.) To which Lord Caradon's concluding comment seemed a moderate rejoinder, "We may have been dull, but I don't think we've been dangerous."

In fact they were neither. With a fine scorn for that pernicious doctrine of television which calls for "making use of the medium" (*i.e.*, assaulting the eye to numb the brain), BBC-1 simply drew up a circle of chairs, plugged in a camera, and permitted an appropriate handful of concerned or learned people to thrash out matters pertinent to the public weal. That they solved none is not as important as the fact that the BBC pressed on in face of a very considerable weight of official disapproval, thereby expiating in part a past in which BBC executives have sometimes enforced strong self-censorship in Ulster reporting. As the *Listener* noted, "A long list of incidents is accumulating which the BBC haven't reported and should have done. They can be found in the Irish press, though not on our screens."

Another effect of the show was to display in a bad light the politicians who refused to appear before Lord Devlin. Of course they were entitled to refuse what was only a moral subpoena, not a legal one; but their absence displayed to viewers the ignominious wisdom of elected officials who choose not to be put on the spot when the spot is not of their own choosing. It demonstrated one great and rarely tapped power of television, the strength to force into the open questions of principle clouded by problems of policy. It seems unlikely that even the fury of current hostilities will cancel out this gain in political openness.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH EVETT *teaches in the college of architecture, art and planning at Cornell University.* WILLIAM CRAWFORD WOOD'S *novel,* Killing Zone, *was published in 1970 by Harper's Magazine Press.* GEORGE E. REEDY *was a special assistant to Vice President Johnson during the Kennedy administration, and then press secretary for President Johnson in 1964-5.* ANNE SEXTON'S *latest book is* Transformations *(Houghton Mifflin).* HERBERT J. MULLER'S *book,* In Pursuit of Relevance, *(Indiana University Press), was reviewed in* TNR, *December 11, 1971.*

Angel of Fire and Genitals

Angel of fire and genitals, do you know slime,
that green mama who first forced me to sing,
who put me first in the latrine, that pantomime
of brown where I was beggar and she was king?
I said, "The devil is down that festering hole."
Then he bit me in the buttocks and took over my soul.

Fire woman, you of the ancient flame, you
of the Bunsen Burner, you of the candle,
you of the blast furnace, you of the barbecue,
you of the fierce solar energy, Mademoiselle,
take some ice, take some snow, take a month of rain
and you would gutter in the dark, cracking up your brain.

Mother of fire, let me stand at your devouring gate
as the sun dies in your arms and you loosen its terrible weight.

Angel of Little Neck Clams

Angel of little neck clams, do you know famine?
The babies blow up like bubbles; they have swallowed
their teddy bears whole. The fathers are not merely thin.
The fathers are houses of bones; they slump by the road
and sleep all day. They dig for grubs and roots
and garbage; they eat leaves and sour grass soup.

They dream of menus. They dream of Mama's breast.
They dream of loaves of fresh baked bread,
of a roasted goat rolling in blood and all the rest.
They have sometimes baked rats until they are dead.
There is no nobility in it or anything like that.
We of Le Cote Basque, we of the automat

know nothing. It is our souls we keep on a diet.
They bloat like old fish. And then they are quiet.

Angel of Clean Sheets

Angel of clean sheets do you know bed bugs?
Once in a madhouse they came like specks of cinnamon
as I lay in a chloral cave of drugs,
as old as a dog, as quiet as a skeleton.
Little bits of dried blood. One hundred marks
upon the sheet. One hundred kisses in the dark.

White sheets smelling of soap and Chlorox
have nothing to do with this night of soil,
nothing to do with barred windows and multiple locks
and all the webbing in the bed, the ultimate recoil.
I have slept in silk and in red and in black.
I have slept on sand and one fall night, a haystack.

I have known a crib. I have known the tuck-in of a child
but inside my hair waits the night I was defiled.

ANNE SEXTON

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Man's Pride

The End of the Modern Age
by Allen Wheelis

(Basic Books; $5.95)

Every day psychiatrists struggle with the staying power that all sorts of illusions have over the minds of patients – and their doctors, too. The neurotic Viennese burghers Freud listened to at the turn of the century were not simply mixed up and at odds with relatives and friends; they were also tenacious and imaginative individuals who had come to grief because under no circumstances, it seemed, would they give up certain fixed notions and wishes. Most of them had been going from one doctor to another in the hope that someone, at last, would stop collaring them, stop telling them first piously, then threateningly to shape up and look at the world *this* way, not some other way they found irresistible. Finally one doctor let them be; anxious to learn rather than preach, enough of a rebel to be open-minded and maybe a little contemptuous of prevailing orthodoxies, Freud listened and questioned his own assumptions as much as those of his patients. Eventually he saw what they were up to – how they regarded others, how their minds made sense of the various signals this world presents to us. He saw, too, his own blind spots. Reared in a particular way, trained to have certain expectations, preferences, values, he had found himself for a long time as puzzled as his colleagues by the bizarre and apparently witless thoughts and deeds of the people who consulted him. Nor did he unravel "their" mysteries in a sudden burst of genius; in fact, for a long time he unraveled nothing – except, ironically, the sources of his own world-view. That done (the twentieth century was about to begin) he was helpless as a traditional psychiatrist. How could he wave his arms, fiddle with electricity, shake his finger, ply pills, call upon conventional morality, throw around labels of one kind or another, when he had come to realize how much he himself shared with "them," the outcasts he had come to know so well?

At such a moment one begins to ask who is the doctor and who is the patient – a question Freud knew enough to ask, as his correspondence with Wilhelm Fliess demonstrates, and a question, of course, patients and their doctors still pose for themselves. The answer is not clear-cut – and Freud was indeed in trouble with his colleagues once he insisted that the doctor had to shed a good deal of his socially sanctioned moral authority, his immunity from criticism, and instead find in himself the sources of unrest others seemed (and sometimes *only* seemed) to manage less well. Such an attitude does not have to be *stated* to a troubled patient; it comes across in dozens of silent but important ways – a nod, a gesture, a look – and the result for a patient can be nothing short of redemptive: at last someone will listen almost as a comrade, certainly not as a self-righteous judge. So doing, Freud could glimpse and begin to fathom what others knew nothing about. So doing, he also felt god-like; and again, Freud's correspondence with Fliess shows how naturally and unashamedly a bold investigator can acknowledge just such temptations. Unfortunately history has a way of giving those temptations a kind of sticky institutional reality which for a while seems almost unshakable – hence the conversion of suggestive formulations into dogma.

Yet, other things also happen in due time. In the case of institutionalized psychoanalysis, a man like Allen Wheelis appears not to differ with or attempt to modify theories that are merely a bit overwrought, but rather to take up once again Freud's kind of lonely vigil, in the course of which firmly held beliefs are shown to be no longer so compelling and new ideas about man's situation are mentioned and explored. As one goes through Wheelis' first and very important book, *The Quest for Identity* (1958), one feels that with respect to background, temperament and sensibility he has what it takes to achieve what he has set out to do: an original mind; the ability to stand apart from prevailing orthodoxies without at the same time becoming destructively resentful; and not least, the capacity to bear a degree of loneliness. Freud often attributed his own qualifications along those lines to his Jewishness; born an outsider, he had less of the status quo to defend. Allen Wheelis was born in Louisiana, raised in Texas. Like other white southerners he was drawn north to the cosmopolitan intellectual world of New York, and like many of them, he both joined in and remained aloof. *The Quest for Identity* is an effort of a psychoanalyst (only recently finished with one of the longest apprenticeships our society demands) to lift his head from the clinics and consulting offices and find his professional bearing anew. The book offers an intelligent, lucid analysis of American society, both rural and urban, and implicitly but forcefully asks psychoanalysts to consider the reasons for their modern prominence. The book also offers the first example of Wheelis' distinctive method of presentation – the use of parables and short stories as a means of first making vivid and suggestive what is then written about analytically.

Wheelis next turned to a full-length novel (*The Seeker*, 1960) and a series of extended parables (*The Illusionless Man*, 1966) in hopes, perhaps, of making certain points quietly and without resort to the thinly disguised rhetoric and the discouraging jargon that plague the social sciences today. On almost every page of those two books, and throughout *The Desert* (1970), another blend of essays and fiction, the reader has to come to terms with Wheelis' ironic detachment. He misses none of the banality and occasional malevolence some psychiatrists foist upon us; but more important, he wryly takes note of our widespread gullibility and vulnerability as middle-class Americans who live in a thoroughly secular society. Blessed with money and comfort and (more or less) something called "success," heirs to the wisdom ("applied" all over the place) of Einstein and Freud, not to mention Darwin, Descartes, Newton, Galileo – back, back into time one can go – we apparently have everything, and know everything, and yet we are persistently naive in our endless search for new sources of satisfaction or fulfillment. The divorce rate climbs. Suicides are by no means rare. One fad gives way to another. Things are bought, kept around for a while, go increasingly unnoticed, get thrown out. Our rivers are streams of acid; no matter, there is an island in the Caribbean for us, handily available in a jet-propelled cloud of smoke. In case any-

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one gets a little nervous, there is alcohol (and an estimated five million alcoholics) and drug stores full of millions of pills, all of them a collective promise of serenity to millions of citizens of the world's richest, most powerful nation; and for those who want to push things even more, there are a host of illegal substances now called "drugs" – as if the biggest and most respectable of American businesses don't already profit handsomely from the drugs they push quite legally on anxious, apprehensive men and women. Finally, of course, there are psychiatrists, so many of whose hours are reserved for those with money and a certain kind of social and intellectual background, as Redlich and Hollingshead indicated convincingly in *Social Class and Mental Illness* (1958). One prominent psychiatrist, Ralph Greenson of Los Angeles, has called attention to the shift in symptoms he and his colleagues have witnessed in recent decades. Freud saw patients who tended to have specific complaints, tied to (he discovered) identifiable experiences or patterns of behavior. Now a more general kind of malaise, a sense of aimlessness and uncertainty tinged with vague moodiness, prompts many to go see psychiatrists – and by no means is it likely that such difficulties can be traced back to some moment of psychological injury or sorrow in early childhood, and then exorcised. Not that doctors don't keep on trying, even as their patients keep on coming. Where else are the patients to go? Whom can one really trust, anyway? What is to be believed for any length of time – a year, say, never mind a span called by the superstitious "eternity"?

For Dr. Wheelis those questions are not surprising; nor does he want to ignore them. In his latest book *The End of the Modern Age* he keeps putting forth such questions, and not in order to offer anyone some highly condensed and relatively inexpensive "help" or "guidance." Freud himself knew how to ask broad, contemplative questions, and after initially turning away from the excesses such questions can sometimes generate in favor of the clinician's realities, he was brought back to those questions, first by a terrible war and then in 1933 by the rise to power of the Nazi scum. In 1938, with scarcely a year of life left, the old psychoanalyst had to seek exile in England. No wonder a "death wish" became part of psychoanalytic metapsychology. No wonder Freud turned his attention more and more to religious and philosophical matters. Always one to correct his own mistakes first, he may have sensed that someone, some day, would have to give psychoanalysis a place in the larger tradition of the West's social and intellectual history. That is indeed what *The End of the Modern Age* manages to accomplish.

The book is short and possesses Wheelis' characteristic style – plain, understandable, strong prose harnessed to straightforward narrative presentation. The reader is meant to learn how many theories and pursuits are finally being seen for the illusions they have turned out to be, but the book is itself an illusion – so brief, unpretentious, deceptively easy to go through, yet in fact full of reflections about nothing less than the whole history of modern science. Though the title is dramatic, it is earned. The author goes back to the Middle Ages and shows how certain psychological assumptions began to be built up in the West as Copernicus and Kepler prepared the way for what, at last, became our age – in which man is known as an evolving part of the animal kingdom, his mind a deep mystery (but one that can be penetrated, if slowly and with difficulty) and his world made up of atoms (also now penetrated and somewhat under control). "The dream of mechanism," Wheelis calls it, our conviction that everything in the universe, certainly including man, "is nothing but a machine, and is thereby knowable as an object, as a machine can be known." Yes, we know now from theoretical physicists and cultural anthropologists how relative is the knowledge that for so long seemed to be fixed, simply waiting to be found. The mind boggles as "matter" is called "energy," as estimates are made about when and how the earth came into being, or the number of light years that those stars we look at represent. Still, we hunger after certainty, and for many in the West certainty has to do with computers, statistics, laboratories. Even among psychoanalysts, empathy and intuition can still be heard talked about as if one day they, too, will give way to an "objective," "value-free" study. (And, alas, there is the term "love-object" which persists in the psychiatric literature.) In Wheelis' words: "So great has been the success of the scientific method that it has come to be identified with reason itself – as if there were no way of being reasonable with conjectures that lie beyond scientific reach. Such conjectures therefore are insidiously disparaged, ignored, as if to say, 'if it's not scientific, it's not important.'"

The point is not to mock the valuable things we have learned and continue to learn from natural and social scientists. Wheelis is no Luddite. Nor does he react against the excesses of this historical era by glorifying "natural man" or embracing a cult of craziness. He knows, out of his daily work he knows, how mean and brutish we can all be, and not *only* because a particular social or political system encourages such behavior. *The End of the Modern Age* was written simply to emphasize some of the distortions that have taken place in the course of the rise of the industrial West. There is, though, a passionate intensity that comes through in some sections of the book, no doubt a reflection of the author's sense of urgency as he looks back at what he, a man in his 50s, has already seen: the Nazi holocaust; napalm bombs and atomic or hydrogen bombs; efforts called "defoliation." So the book is many things: a sensitive and reflective essay on the West's intellectual history; an attempt to define the limits of words like "objective" and "subjective"; a look at what may be ahead of us as more and more people ask the kinds of questions Wheelis does: "What is important in life? What is worth struggling for, and how much? Should I love my neighbor, concern myself with his suffering? How far does neighborhood extend? To the coast? To North Vietnam?" Questions like those demand of us constant ethical concern. In Wheelis' words: "The computers are silent, the test tubes do not react to those queries, and he who concerns himself with them might do better in church than in a laboratory, and the church might better be a forest glade, if any such are left, than the temple of a tired sect."

I write this having just read that Werner Heisenberg believes "the ultimate has probably been reached in probing the innermost sanctum of matter." Indeed, as far back as the 1920s and 1930s Professor Heisenberg emphasized that there is a limit to what can be measured on the atomic scale, because the process of measurement itself alters the situation. Man's pride brought us this far – for the good, but also for the bad. Psychoanalysts, like physicists, can make the pursuit of knowledge a religion – and in so doing demonstrate how willfully blind even the best educated and most intelligent people can be. Allen

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Wheelis, in a sense, wants to help his colleagues come full circle around: Freud had a right to turn away from the temptations of moral philosophy and instead pursue the scientific imagery of his day, even if in so doing he fell prey at times to the pitfalls such imagery presents. But now, over 70 years since he made his great intellectual breakthrough, other challenges face us – challenges not unlike those that Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the best of Germany's 19th-century philosophers, had the foresight to struggle with; and those challenges require from today's psychoanalysts the kind of ethical inquiry *The End of the Modern Age* at least begins to make.

Robert Coles

He Saw Red

Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy by Richard J. Walton

(Viking; $7.95)

In social affairs as in physics, there is a law of counterreaction, and it follows as the night does the day that adulation will be replaced by debunking. Richard J. Walton has nominated himself as the agent for this transition in the saga of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and he approaches the task with enthusiasm if not with wit and grace.

"The record seems clear," Walton writes. "Whatever his achievements in less significant areas, whatever he might have done later, John F. Kennedy as President was Cold Warrior and counterrevolutionary. Cuba, Berlin, Vietnam – those are his monuments."

As presented by Walton, the record *is* clear. He demonstrates over and over – at the risk of overkill – that Kennedy, on the basis of his own speeches, "saw red" whenever "he saw communism in a developing nation." He insists, quite rightly, that "liberals" who were startled by Kennedy moves at the Bay of Pigs or in Vietnam "simply had not listened to Kennedy's own words. . . . As congressman and senator, Kennedy was never a liberal, and as President he prosecuted the Cold War more vigorously, and thus more dangerously than did Eisenhower and Dulles." Whether this revelation is as startling as Walton appears to believe is another matter. It is doubtful whether many Americans (most of whom regarded themselves as Cold War warriors, if they thought about it at all) saw Kennedy in any other light when he was President. Probably no other type of man could have been elected to the Presidency at the time.

But Walton is on somewhat more questionable grounds when he presents Nikita Khrushchev as a man continuously seeking openings to peace despite repeated Kennedy rebuffs. Clumsiness has been a two-way street ever since the Cold War began, and little is served by assuming that it was the monopoly of one side. Kennedy rejected Soviet overtures right from the outset of his administration, according to Walton. Here he refers to a friendly inaugural message from Khrushchev and Brezhnev followed by the release of two American fliers from a reconnaissance plane shot down over the sea near Murmansk a year earlier. Whatever good will had been created by the Soviet act was dissipated a week later in the Kennedy State of the Union message by what Walton regards as "language normally reserved for moments of mortal danger. . . ."

Walton traces this pattern through all of the crises of Kennedy's brief Presidency. On Laos, he says that "Khrushchev, who had most of the political and strategic cards in his hand, was downright conciliatory." On the Berlin crisis: ". . . it was Kennedy, not Khrushchev, who forced the issue, and since the Berlin crisis, although real, was largely fabricated in Washington, Vienna was more occasion than cause." On nuclear testing: ". . . there was no little hypocrisy in the American statement (denouncing the Soviet resumption of atmospheric tests in 1961), for Kennedy had been moving toward the same decision. As for the charge that Khrushchev had deliberately deceived Kennedy at Vienna, that too may have been true. On the other hand, it may not have been. . . ."

In such passages are lodged the essential weakness of the Walton book. The constant sledge hammer blows inevitably implant a certain sympathy for John F. Kennedy, even among readers who are convinced of the need for therapeutic debunking. It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that the research was devised to prove a thesis rather than to develop one.

Walton is determined that the Kennedy followers shall not find solace even in their cherished nuclear test-ban treaty which many of them have described as his finest moment. All it really did, says Walton, was to eliminate public pressure for a genuine nuclear test-ban so the United States could continue with underground tests not barred by the agreement: "The concessions made by Kennedy to the hard-liners, concessions

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that he thought necessary to ensure the treaty's ratification, seriously, perhaps fatally, undermine the conclusion that the treaty was Kennedy's greatest achievement."

Walton concedes the inspirational qualities of the Peace Corps and the *Alianza para Progressa*. But he finds both burdened with too much rhetoric and the *Alianza* in particular handicapped by Cold War philosophy. "Obviously the kind of Latin American government that provides a welcome climate for the investment of American corporations is not likely to be reform-minded," Walton writes. "Nor when Kennedy needed votes to exclude Cuba from the OAS or to impose economic and political sanctions was he likely to get them from reform governments. Thus Kennedy could hardly promote a 'continental vision' of reform while wooing right-wing dictators. He could not have it both ways."

Walton reserves his highest approval for Kennedy's African policies, crediting the late President with "genuine affection for Africa and its people, . . . understanding of nonalignment, . . . generous feelings toward the poor and despairing." This is in sharp contrast to his description of what he regards as the Presidential attitude towards Vietnam: "Despite the rhetoric about self-determination and helping a beleaguered little nation, the Kennedy administration was not primarily interested in Vietnam and its people, but in the anti-Communist war. Under Kennedy, as under Johnson and Nixon, Indochinese, with few exceptions, suffered, died, and were dispossessed not in pursuit of their own goals but as expendable counters to be shoved across the maps of a Washington elite."

When he comes to the Kennedy advisers, Walton verges on the savage. He finds virtue only in the late Adlai Stevenson and in Chester Bowles, whom he regards as realistic men outmaneuvered by the others. What were the "others" like? They were youngish but wedded old Cold War visions. . . . They were liberal – by self-definition – but prosecuted the Cold War more vigorously than had the Eisenhower conservatives. They were realists, they thought, but their advice, during Kennedy's term and after, led to a series of disasters, each of which confirmed them in their wisdom. . . . They were a tough, hard-nosed (such terms were regarded as complimentary) elite, awesomely articulate, the finest products, in their view, of social Darwinism. They would remake the world in their image, and the world would be grateful. They sought peace, but it was to be America's kind of peace at America's terms."

This staff, according to Walton, spoke and thought in terms of "a higher jargon" – Free World, commitment, graduated response, credibility, deterrence. "These and similar terms, evoking as they did patriotism, honor, courage, resolution, became the semantic screen behind which the Kennedy administration executed an unimaginative, often dangerous foreign policy. Rhetoric gave a semantic disguise to militarism."

None of us enjoy having our illusions shattered or feel kindly towards the agent of destruction. Nevertheless, it is easy to foresee a major impact in Walton's book because it is difficult to imagine those who cherish the Kennedy myth leaving it alone. It is a virtual certainty that carefully documented responses will pour forth to be met by counterblasts which in turn will be met by further counterblasts. On such things are schools of history founded. How much will be contributed to genuine history is problematical. But one can be certain that the spirit which enshrined the late John F. Kennedy on both banks of the Potomac River will not permit Walton's following description to stand as his final epitaph: "John Kennedy was a symbol of youth, of hope, of change in a world that desperately needed change. He was a symbol of enormous value in a dreary world, but a symbol cannot endure unless it is based on substance. . . . All those things that have so often been written about . . . his physical appeal, his grace, his style, his wit, his physical courage, his family – made John Kennedy the first television-star President, recognized in all but the most remote corners of the earth. But beneath all this radiance – and even now, eight years after his death, one can feel it – was an entirely conventional politician."

George E. Reedy

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In Brief

One Time, One Place by Eudora Welty

(Random House; $7.95)

Miss Welty's Mississippi is not the state so many political activists from all over the country have borne down upon hard these recent years; nor is it the state our radical social critics hold up as an especially grim example of America's callousness, its indifference to the Bill of Rights, among other things. For Eudora Welty her home territory has always been something else: a landscape where the novelist's eyes can roam freely, unobstructed by ideological blinkers of any kind, a place where sounds can be heard, movements observed. Anyone who has read her short stories or novels knows where she "stands"; she has for years portrayed and evoked the lives of Mississippi's black and white people with impartial devotion, intelligence and tact. Her aim is to do justice to the complexity of life as it is lived by particular men, women and children.

Like many other writers and photographers, Eudora Welty worked for the government during the thirties; she was a publicity agent for the Mississippi office of the WPA. In the course of that work she traveled widely through the state, and upon occasion she used a camera as well as pen and paper. This book, with its one hundred photographs, reveals her to be no Walker Evans or Cartier Bresson, but nevertheless a thoroughly competent amateur – a person who knew how to get along with, *be* with, the black and white people of her state, and a person who back then, even as later on, had the mind, the sensibility of a poet, and the heart of an exceedingly kind and generous human being. The pictures are mainly of rural scenes, in keeping with the state's make-up. Blacks stare, smile, walk, strut, withdraw, only to peek and emerge once again. Whites struggle to make do against high odds. There are sad and shameful scenes, but there are also moments of joy and humor. The considerable sense of *style* and *rhythm* that writers like Ralph Ellison and Albert Murray have emphasized as elements in the culture of their people comes across constantly in these photographs – as does the pride and stubbornness of William Faulkner's kinsmen. Miss Welty loves the warm, rich

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land of the Delta, dotes on architectural memories, antiquated ways, the hustle and bustle that a quiet, out of way country seat can have now and then. Most of all, though, she wants us to see faces that smile, frown, pull away, come forward, and bodies that bend and curve one minute, straighten up formidably the next. A good deal that goes on in the Magnolia State is missing from the author's brief introduction and her carefully selected "snapshots," as she with her characteristic modesty and shyness calls them; but these days it is all too likely that the reader will pick up a dozen or so books on "the South," and learn far less about the region's people than a picture or two from *One Time, One Place* will offer to any halfway willing reader.

Last Respects
by Jerome Weidman

(Random House; $6.95)

In his nineteenth novel the author of *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* begins on the artificial note of Stevenson's *The Wrong Box* and caters to a taste for melodrama and belly laughs. As the story opens, Benny Kramer is putting in anxious hours hunting for the body of the recently dead and unburied Mrs. Kramer. She had disappeared once before, when her good looks had made her fair game for neighborhood gossip. In flashbacks carrying him from worried middle age to worried boyhood, he lives through scenes of arson and murder. He remembers that a bullet intended for him killed the bridegroom at a wedding ceremony and sent Mrs. Kramer to a hideaway in the "wilds" of Coney Island. He remembers Jewish foods, ratty tenements, scoutmasters, lamplighters, rabbis, schoolmates, cops, gangsters – a whole tissue of things nostalgic or nightmarish. But most important of all is deciding whether Mrs. Kramer had deserved a son's love. She had had little of it from Benny.

"Happy he with such a mother!" wrote Tennyson. Using this line from *The Princess* as his epigraph, Weidman gives us frank second thoughts about a relationship too often befogged with hypocrisy by Victorians and moderns alike. He is a copious, energetic, perceptive, abundantly inventive writer, but in this story he is also unrestrained.

Reconsideration

H. L. Mencken

Rereading Mencken, I was reminded of Robert Browning's poem "A Toccata of Galuppi's," evoking the courtly days of Venice, suggesting "a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned." Mencken was no cricket, of course, but the lustiest, rowdiest social critic of his day. To young men of my generation he was an emancipator, the most stimulating, exhilarating writer of the '20s. And so, like the poet, we may feel "tired and grown old" as we realize that his volumes of *Prejudices* have become museum pieces.

Prejudices
by H. L. Mencken
Originally published in 1919 by Alfred A. Knopf.
Now available in *Prejudices: A Selection*, edited by James T. Farrell, Random Vintage Books, $1.65.

In the '50s James Farrell, editor of a volume of selections from them (Vintage Books), saw signs of a Mencken revival. I am aware of no revival to speak of, at least none that is reaching the youth. There is no compelling reason why they should turn to him. In summing up George Bernard Shaw as the "Ulster Polonius," Mencken wrote what might now serve as his own epitaph: "It is his life work to announce the obvious in terms of the scandalous." Although what he had to say as an iconoclast was by no means obvious to most Americans at the time (any more than Shaw's ideas were), it no longer seems either scandalous or novel.

Yet I think Mencken deserves some attention, for much of his criticism of America remains pertinent. The kind of pretentiousness and phoniness he had a keen eye for still thrives, especially in high places; what he called "the carnival of buncombe" in public life is in full swing. He can be fun to read because of his gusto, his boisterous humor, his mastery of the language for his irreverent purposes – qualities rare in contemporary critics. And though his ghost might not relish the thought, he retains enough historical interest to assure him a niche in any museum of the once fabulous '20s.

Simply to preserve the best in him, however, it is necessary to dwell first on his limitations, beginning with the basic attitude expressed in a long essay "On Being An American." Here he went gunning for the *boobus Americanus*, "a bird that knows no closed season." With characteristic extravagance he elaborated his familiar theme that "the American people . . . constitute the most timorous, sniveling, poltroonish, ignominious mob of serfs and goose-steppers ever gathered under one flag in Christendom since the end of the Middle Ages." And characteristically, he added: "Yet here I stand, unshaken and undespairing, a loyal and devoted Americano, even a chauvinist, paying taxes without complaint . . . accepting all the searching duties and responsibilities of citizenship unprotestingly, investing the sparse usufructs of my miserable toil in the obligations of the nation, avoiding all commerce with men sworn to overthrow the government . . . spurning all lures (and even all invitations) to get out and stay out." The reason for his devotion – his refusal either to love it or to leave it – was simply that America fulfilled the conditions necessary to his happiness, assuring him of being "well-fed, unhounded by sordid cares, at ease in Zion," "full of a comfortable feeling of superiority to the masses of my fellow-men," and "delicately and unceasingly amused according to my taste." As a comic spectacle, America was "incomparably the greatest show on earth . . . worth every cent it costs."

If this attitude was something of a pose, the six volumes of Mencken's *Prejudices* testify to his ceaseless delight in all the idiocies he saw around him. No thoughtful man can any longer be merely amused by the state of the nation, and even in the '20s Mencken could afford his amusement only because he had his eye on no more than the surface meanings of the history being made. How shallow he was becomes plainer when one looks to Europeans who had been shocked by World War I, a historic turning point that to him as a pro-German had meant only a disagreeable idiocy. In France Paul Valéry wrote: "We later civilizations – we too now know that we are mortal"; and he summed up the mournful

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state of intellectuals in terms that are still true: "We hope vaguely, but dread precisely; our fears are infinitely clearer than our hopes." In America Mencken ridiculed the childish return to "normalcy," but he had no more sense than its leaders of the crises that lay ahead, the Great Depression and then World War II.

The prolonged depression brought out something worse in Mencken than shallowness – a want of compassion or simple humanity. "Do the poor suffer in the midst of plenty?" he had written. "Then let us thank God politely that we are not that poor." Now that they were suffering more because millions of them had been thrown out of work, he stopped thanking God, but for reasons that dismayed most of his admirers. He turned savagely against President Roosevelt and the New Dealers who were trying to help the poor. Whereas he had been content to write contemptuously of Harding, Coolidge, and "Lord Hoover," he now wrote venomously of Roosevelt, "a milch cow with 125,000,000 teats." The *enfant terrible* who had shocked good Republicans, ended in the ranks of the reactionaries.

Except for the bitterness that made it impossible for him any longer to be "delicately and unceasingly amused," this was not actually a change in his basic position. An admirer of Nietzsche, Mencken had never been a democrat. Always pleased to say that he wrote for a "civilized minority," he had contempt for the common people, the "booboeisie." Often the contempt came out as a beery, boorish kind of snobbishness, associated with vulgar prejudices against Jews among others. In dwelling on another of his favorite themes, his aversion to right-thinkers, soul-savers, uplifters, do-gooders, he always tended to an indiscriminate attack on all humanitarian idealists. Socialists he lumped with Methodists, the lowest of the low. He was an "incurable Tory" in politics and economics. Far from being revolted by the flagrant corruption in business and government, he declared that he favored free competition "to the utmost limit" and admired "successful scoundrels." Indignation over dishonesty was foolish anyway; he pleaded only for "realism," a calm acceptance of the idiocies of American political life.

Mencken's last years were made tragic by a cerebral hemorrhage in 1948 that damaged his mind enough so that he could not read or write. "I'm out of it," he told James Farrell. I'm finished. I wish I were dead." The unfeeling might add that as an emancipator of the youth he was out of it, finished, dead, long before his stroke – a sad exhibit of the common failure of American writers to grow. The Great Depression that ended the '20s ended his usefulness, left him creaking in a house that was burned.

But only the unfeeling would end on this note. There remains gratitude to Mencken. As one of the most influential critics of his period, he led the battle against the Puritan tradition, against the disproportionate influence of rural America, the "Bible Belt" that produced what Herbert Hoover would call the "noble experiment" of Prohibition. He attacked the censorship that then made it hard to treat sex at all honestly. He could write pleasantly of the prevailing fear of sex, noting that in old Anthony Comstock it "came out of the hard, incontrovertible experience of a Puritan farm-boy, in executive session behind the barn"; but he also warned that comstockery was still alive, possibly more dangerous because less crude. The current pious denunciations of pornography by national leaders, in a nation preeminent for commercialized sexiness, give some point to his conclusion: "Man is inherently vile – but he is never so vile as when he is trying to disguise and deny his vileness."

Similarly Mencken beat the drum for the leading writers of the '20s. Like him, Dreiser, O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and the rest are now generally patronized when not ignored, because they were overrated in their day; yet they helped to mark America's "coming of age," a maturity that our young people can take for granted. Although they were all writers to outgrow, they enabled us to outgrow them – and then too easily to grow ungrateful. I think nostalgically of the excitement they lent to my youth, the possible advantages of coming to age at a time when literary criticism was less querulous and fastidious than it is today in fashionable circles. Add that they are all dated, none more clearly than Mencken, and then be reminded that the literary idols of our feverish day are not for the ages either.

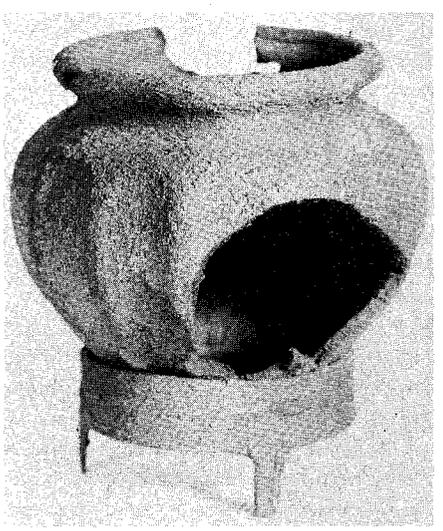
Finally, however, I would repeat that Mencken is more than a museum piece. He left some solid work, notably his thorough, loving study of the American language, but also in his contributions to literary criticism. He is still enjoyable reading because of the verve with which he attacked shams that are by no means extinct. His gusto can be more refreshing because his declared prejudices are easier to discount than the more fashionable prejudices of the '70s. In any case, we could do with more of it today. I wish I could read Mencken on, say, Richard Nixon and his spiritual mentor Billy Graham.

Herbert J. Muller

Evett, *from page 24*

ishes the conflict between random and order. He has a 20th-century love of paradox, yet he admires structures of classical formal clarity. In "The Civilization of Llhuros," he has found the capacious format for all his creative needs.

Obviously his work derives from Duchamp's radical discovery of found-object sculpture in which, by the simple act of selection and relocation, the ordinary is made to seem remarkable. However, contrary to Duchamp's anti-art intention, Daly's aim is to use that process to create a new formal order. His work also derives from African sculpture and primitive art. He presumably does not believe in the magic power of his fetishes and ritual images, but in making them he seems to have attained something like the sophisticated state of



innocence achieved by Paul Klee, in which the capacity for surprise, wonder and playfulness is regained. At some level, Daly is indebted to those writers from Swift to Borges who have invented imaginary societies in order to send messages back to the "real" world. However, as far as I know, he is the first artist to create a new culture and then flesh it with such a wealth of mores, sounds, literature and tangible

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artifacts. "The Civilization of Llhuros" has some kinship with the Watts Towers, Bomarzo, the painted signs of Jesse Howard and other "gratuitous" constructions.

A concept as complicated as this one is bound to have lapses. I am sometimes put off by its artfulness. Certain fake cracks and nicks are simply too well placed. Occasionally the contours remind me of bland stylized shapes of the '40s. Also I am concerned about the vulnerability and transience of the substances used, even though I recognize that these properties are part of the show.

Yet there is plenty of room in this abundant conception for minor incongruities. At many levels, Daly's exhibition is an important occasion. It is fresh and entertaining, and opens up new possibilities. It is also impressive as a straight display of painting and sculpture. By the time the visitor has made his way through its many cunning traps and surprises, he slowly becomes aware that he has participated in a unique and haunting aesthetic experience.

The map of Llhuros was drawn by Lynda A. Thompson. The pictures and map are from the catalogue accompanying the exhibition, which is copyrighted by the Andrew Dickson White Museum of Art, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York (1971).

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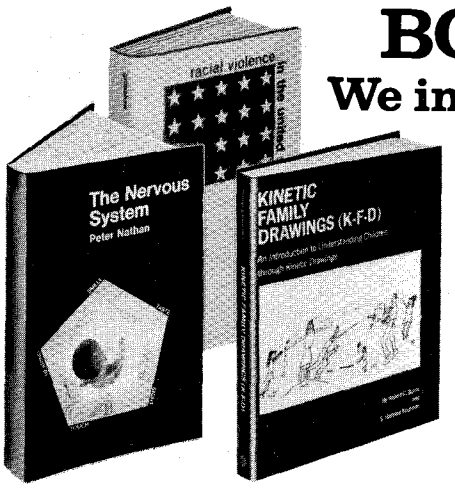

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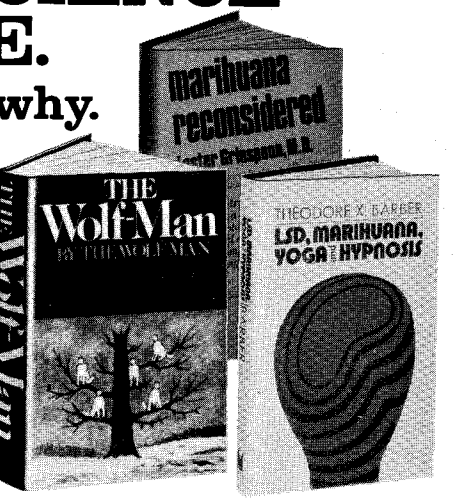

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